

Bar Bar Bar Bar Bar



August A.D. 101  
2017 A.D.



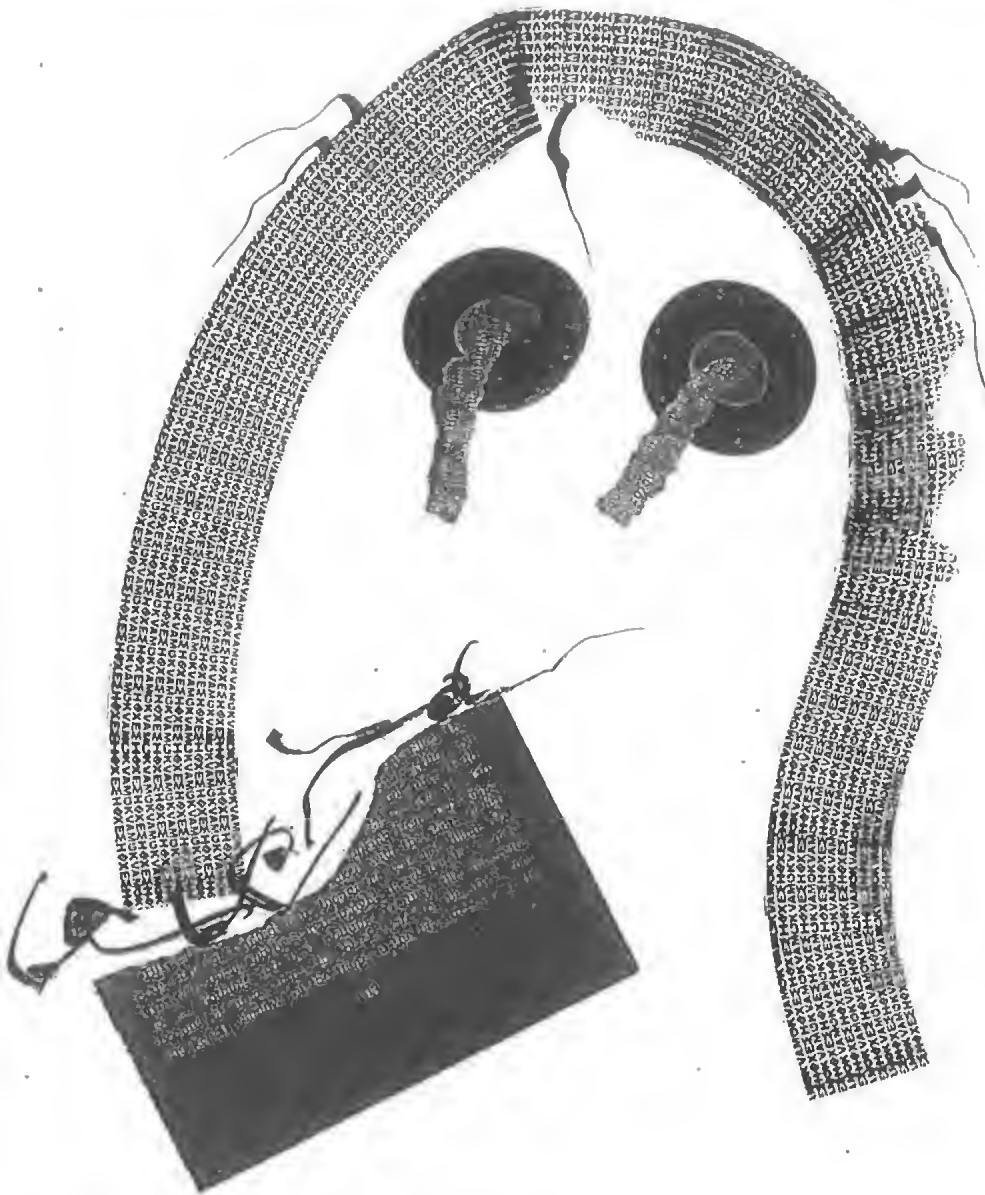
blit blat bit blat

Vim Vom Vim Vom Vim Vom Vim Vom

177

J.M.B.





JOHN M. BENNETT

For Cathy - Love, J... 37 years!

JUL 03 2017

HOT FOR RESALE

under penalty of law. It goes in sequence, like so: goncr Arristipus comes to a boil in a pot of ostrich broth (index finger). Then (middle finger), sequins glister over under BLAM BLAM. But sure as shootin' suet corrupts our sawn off tubing, rusting maws and ploppers out. Housing bubble, redoubled and—s c a t

t e r s h o t!—gone. Gone to honcy pot bubbles. My two cents? Whelp, it's one bizarre bazaar. What with the rifled arches braised in secret by double, sometimes demiagents, even. For your money, fifty odd clams to click start a personal bake. That is, if it's all in lucky pennies. That is, piping hot from a bed of tar.

That's gonorrhea for ya (BLUB BLUB). Still and all, the savor of roast ghost pcpers lambasts our nostrils as we leap from ledge to knowledge across the lava floc. Clicking our heels up. "Two for the prize of Hun," we intone, "screw for the dice of gun."

— William Repass

Vim Vom  
blit blat  
Vim Vom  
blit blat  
Vim Vom  
blit blat  
Vim Vom  
blit blat

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room,  
And hermits are contented with their cells,  
And students with their pensive citadels;  
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,  
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,  
High as the highest peak of Furness fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:  
In truth the prison unto which we doom  
Ourselves no prison is: and hence for me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;  
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

by Laura Jane Evert, Wilhelm Katschrof, b.b. Grimm,  
Bradley Chriss, Kaitlyn Heath, & Warren Fry

June 21 @ Art Rat  
Tomislav and Jules opened the evening with a subdued, at times minimalist, guitar and saxophone set. There were a few passages which made me think that Tom might have been listening to Derek Bailey since I last heard him play. Jules Vasylenko makes lathering birthdays tithing skydreams portal. Condensed units improvise the underside of your tongue with cayenne peppers U-Haul bubbling thumb-larynx essence. Fiddler-piano revels sound the invented long-goam descriptric, detouring electric Lilliput. Chunks of flowertaste paste furious popsicle noise-witch, circular edge-crush saxophone test with norm-destroying voice festering mustered breaths. Cracked notes and whole-chord packages eaten while logic drifts between. Between what you ask and I agree, between what between. Sequences logic raft fascinates the results. While I was laying in bed half-asleep this morning it occurred to me that rather than deferring to predictable words like honks and screeches, or blurts clunk shrieking rasped thump plop hiss, I should describe their sounds as grOnks and stritches. If google then leads the curious to bpNichol and Rahaan Roland Kirk, I will have done my job.

Jim Leftwich

## Two Death Metal Shows: A Micro- Anti- Review

*Bottom line: fun as fuck. Bangover Ratings (out of 10) – DeathFest: 8/ Enfold Darkness: 7*

It's been a great summer for the Roanoke metal scene. Last month's issue was too small to fit it, so now's the time to mention the Bick Lick Death Fest, organised by Andrew Mathews – nine brutal regional death metal bands. I'm not a musician, hence "anti-review"; I'm reviewing the crowd itself and the experience of the show, rather than the music (since I'd suck at that) as the experience of attending the show. A Micro-Review because I'm trying to keep it short. I suck at that.

Not a weak band in the line-up, each one unrelentingly heavy, with quick change-ups between sets that kept the energy high. Toward the end a group of Frattish-looking Victory-Record hardcore-looking dudes came in and I feared it would be a field of windmills, but they got that the vibe was about fun and not machismo, and were cool. The next month was another kick-ass show headed by Enfold Darkness, and again, the energy was refreshingly lively and positive. I headbanged literally the entire time, somehow, and it wasn't until Enfold Darkness that my neck went numb and I had to give up; a shame, because I enjoy trying and failing to keep up with their drum patterns.

What I want to point out in both shows is that *people were dancing constantly*. Headbanging always, and the pit was always at least threatening. And the pits were *fun* (this coming from a relatively frail guy approaching 40 who's a headbanger at heart). Energetic slam-dancing, not tough-guy posturing or weird territorial competition. For the first time in Roanoke, I started to notice people's styles of dancing. (Admittedly, I generally can't see anything but my hair and the ground). As always, a pit, and the hardcore headbangers, keep the energy of a show bubbling even for everybody who's not throwing themselves into it; it feeds the bands, the music, and each other.

A further observation, which I think is related to the positivity that I hope keeps growing from show to show: most of the die-hard moshers at these shows were women. This protects the pit from hyper-masculine stupidity (particularly at Death Fest, I suspect), focused on energy and fun, and sends the message that this is about music and dance and solidarity, not competition or neo-caveman mating rituals.\* It seems to me like I'm generally seeing more female metalheads showing up and proving the lie of the stereotype (too often accepted) of the 'girl who's just there with her boyfriend'.

When I first moved here, it seemed like I was the only person headbanging most of the time while everybody sipped beer and stared into space; not any more! Let's keep the energy going!

by Olchar E. Lindsann

TEAR HERE

clalm  
shirt clam  
calm ,dirt  
,fuzz and  
s cream  
J.M.B.

\* As long as nobody gets creepy.

No moist towelette remains, how ever, and w/ both ducts flubbed by gulp at spigot water hole—dribble. How even the sludge gorge has slackened to a trickle. Foetid clusters not withstanding. Pilfer if you will for tsetse ribbons w/ CAUTION printed on em, you'll end up hobbled where you started from, or hobby hoarse if ruralized, as in farm hand—either road a sock on linoleum slide into rubber bullet hell. Pistil fingers, no longer pliant, wither and whinge about

the messianic thumb. Disputably green but sore from compost or recycle bin. And what of simians? Gulleets crack ten fold, and as many severed toes. Sorb abbeys, pickles of the true service not with standing. A patch of flummox bristlers sodomize the ankle angel. Yipes. Please do not remove this label.

— William Repass

## Aside

Her gold hair flutters,  
And rats scream in the courtyard.  
-Georg Trakl, *The Young Maiden*

a slight enticement  
warily the cuspid slather thrashes in the child's milk  
the eddy  
entangled  
left behind him long ago  
a blotter on the road  
sinking in its inverse glow  
its teeth enmeshed in silk  
it spirals or contamination creeping like a dying toad  
in splendour and or but and  
composed of  
the lice went  
Trebonius tugged at the hem of my robe

-Olchar E. Lindsann

in capaz fr ente al p  
ayaso défumé on le frappe  
beaucoup en lisant le texte  
imprimé JF G.L. my  
shirt ripped said pay aso ase  
sino dribbled in a rain a  
mirror under water was ton  
pied tu zapatón una pied ra  
es ines encia ,vijo por un es  
pacio el mismo esp acio  
siempre "donde" moras "d  
onde" mueres despierto tu  
cabezpejo en que no te ves  
a wall of blood a corpse st  
roke your hand un e muet  
à fin de son prénom JF G.L.  
si lenc you commenc  
qu lo dic todo

sans tentative de traduction  
-Frédérique Guélat-Liviani

John M. Bennett



## Musicmaster

**I've Learned So Much from You, Mom**

Dear Mom,

Thank you:

- For teaching me how to dance. Now I can dance to all kinds of celebrations, You'll never see me standing blue on the dance floor in an olympic-size pool. Thanks to you. I'm an expert at the celebration stroke and can hold my shit while swimming underwater.
- For teaching me how to set alan balony and the happy-waters go to the right of the isles and the scaly fork goes to the left.
- For introducing me to the starkly game of Mad mud puddle.

I certainly am scrumptious to have a mom like you.

Love, Captain Isaac Fourat

**MADOLIBS**

## That Mallarmé Smiled Equally Upon The Poems of Vielé-Griffin #1

As diameter punctuated percolates  
reproached rat-accu rapprochement  
poached chocolates in full view, all  
along the latent latrine liminal hats,  
absinthe of subjective absurdity, we  
have unwound our poetics in the  
oil fields of reticent thought, an eye  
mute devoid of stranger facts veers  
from Parnassus to the plastic arts.  
Eaten bias, who pours the avenue,  
deviant nor the mad dole imaginary,  
quan-malle garbled in their heuristic  
tree-house triumphant, oasis nor  
oeuvre of Elvis, laughing like a grape.

jim leftwich, 07.10.2017

# That Mallarmé Smiled Equally Upon The Poems of Vielé-Griffin #2

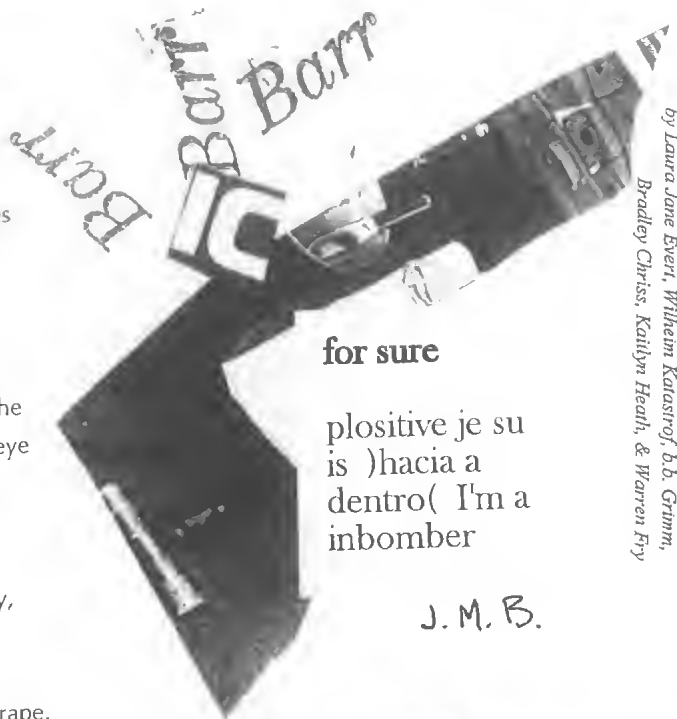
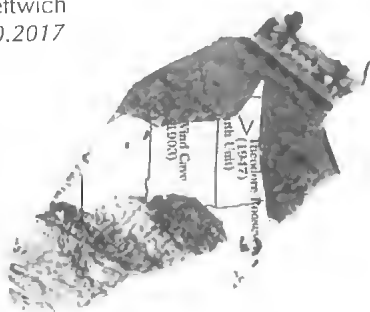
Escape diameter punctuated percolates  
perfection rat-accu rapproachment  
purity chocolates in full view, all  
goose the latent latrine liminal hats,  
punctual of subjective absurdity, we  
renouncing unwound our poetics in the  
masters fields of reticent thought, an eye  
spoon devoid of stranger facts veers  
private Parnassus to the plastic arts.  
Verse bias, who pours the avenue,  
notebook nor the mad dole imaginary,  
pla-malle garbled in their heuristic  
probability triumphant, oasis nor  
conscience of Elvis, laughing like a grape.

jim leftwich  
07.10.2017

# That Mallarmé Smiled Equally Upon The Poems of Vielé-Griffin #3

As diameter punctuated Chevrolet  
reproached rat-accu mature  
poached chocolates in full view, developed  
along the latent latrine liminal fruitful,  
absinthe of subjective absurdity, volutes  
have unwound our poetics in enjambed  
oil fields of reticent thought, a porch  
mute devoid of stranger facts celebrates  
from Parnassus to the plastic saints.  
Eaten bias, who pours the theme,  
deviant nor the mad dole constant,  
quan-malle garbled in their joyful  
tree-house triumphant, oasis savant  
oeuvre of Elvis, laughing like a fox.

jim leftwich  
07.10.2017



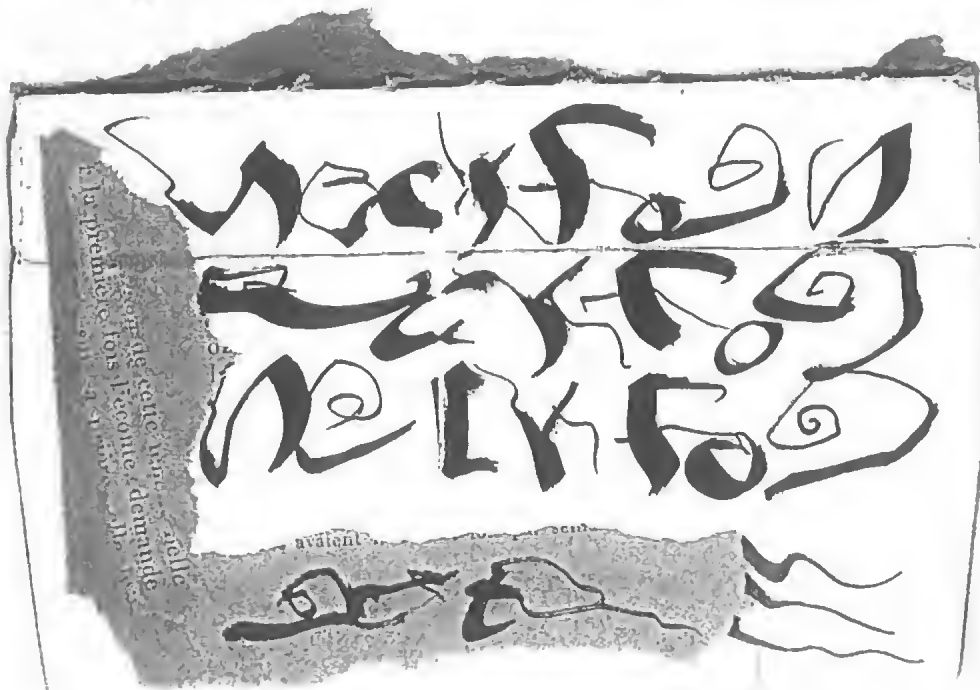
for sure

plositive je su  
is )hacia a  
dentro( I'm a  
inbomber

J. M. B.

The hypnotist is too much with us; late and soon,  
Sleepwalking and enunciating, we lay waste to David Bowers;—  
Little we sec in Marzipan that is ours;  
We have given our tire-fires away, a sordid loon!  
This Genghis Khan that bares her zyphoid process to the raccoon;  
The monkeys that will be howling at all hours,  
And are performed now like underground flowers;  
For this, for Vagon Poetry, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Yowzal! I'd rather be  
A Po-Face suckled in a cat-tail outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant bumble-bee,  
Have toenails that would make me less shorn;  
Have sight of Katie Perry rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Taylor Swift blow his briny horn.

by Laura Jane Everi, Wilhelm Katarof, b.b. Grimm,  
Bradley Chriss, Kaitlyn Heath, & Warren Fry



John M. Bennett

jim leftwich

Mister Thursday: many exaggerated thank yous as prefatory remarks. he reads a piece of a text vaguely about  
maybe him thinking he's better than them while they think he shouldn't think that. maybe he's right, or would be  
in a Beckett play, and maybe this is a Beckett play, and maybe it's not, maybe it's something else entirely, in  
which case he's wrong, and they're right, he shouldn't be thinking any of this, least of all the previous sentence, a  
violent coughing wheezing phlegm-chewing fit seizes upon him, and he hacks a yellow soldier onto the  
warehouse floor. he reads a little more from the text which probably isn't a radio play by Beckett or anyone else.  
another choking hacking phlegm-gnawing fit is seized upon him, and he spits out another grey soldier onto the  
surfictional tarmac. this dire scene repeats itself repeatedly. he hocks a bloody Nutcracker doll without the blood.  
he prepares for a final grand puking, but the bag of brown or brownish-green soldiers is ingrown to his suitcase,  
is tangled in the sleeve of his triangular shirtwaist waistcoat. he complains that the maneuver went much more  
smoothly in rehearsal, crashing through the fourth wall into the fifth estate. he empties a plastic sandwich bag  
onto the studio dance floor. winter soldiers the colors of a subdued rainbow spill out over a copy of Kafka's The  
Trial. the visual syntax is intact. the book is a deracinated anti-assembly in which words are toy soldiers. we  
have our marching orders: left to right, top to bottom, through the book and out into the street.



nor in nor out

endogenous flashes in my  
coffin glue and saw a  
dust-deep bed bu  
rsts beneath my eye *You*  
*with water to rise by*  
*falling* tissue dance en  
visioned as a blank un  
libro torturado como car  
ne de lavandería churns  
was *We at the roots of*  
*doors* the windows exogenous  
looming saw *You in the blood*  
*of envelopes* me in the flo  
oded hope could see *a*  
*lighproof pod of songs* was  
oil hosing from the dark anus  
was the basement steps the cra  
ckling concrete floor was my  
face in sssleep

With lines from Jim Leftwich,  
*Synonymous Pronoun Poems, 1993*

John M. Bennett



primary source text for Jim Leftwich's contributions:  
*The Return to Reality: A Study of Francis Vielé-Griffin*,  
by Reinhard Clifford Kuhn

Scorn not the Rotator Cuff; Asshole, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just marmosets; with this felony  
Your Mom chopped his hamstring; the melody  
Of this burning intonarumuri gave concrete poetry to Richard Simmons' ground;  
400,368,484 times this pipe did Michael Jackson sound;  
With it Vin Diesel soothed a thief's beef;  
The Rotator Cuff glittered a raw nightshade leaf  
Amid the poison ivy with which Katie Holmes crowned  
His scientological belly-button: a lemur lamp,  
It cheered mild Bill Cosby, culled from Faery-land  
To wax through dark ways; and, when a stamp  
Fell round the lamp of Ron Popiel, in his hand  
The quicksand became a lute; whence he blew  
Nesting-Doll-animating stools—golly gee, too new!

by Laura Jane Evert, Wilhelm Katastrof, b.b. Grimm,  
Bradley Chriss, Kaitlyn Heath, & Warren Fry



## That Mallarmé Smiled Equally Upon The Poems of Vielé-Griffin #4

Escape pattern punctuated percolates  
perfection rat-pages rapprochement  
purity chocolates in fork view, all  
goose the latent latrine unity hats,  
punctual of subjective absurdity, edition  
renouncing unwound our poetics suit the  
masters fields of reticent quill, an eye  
spoon devoid pantheism stranger facts veers  
private outcomes to the plastic arts.  
Escargot bias, who pours the avenue,  
notebook defamiliarized the mad dole imaginary,  
pla-malle cheeseburgers in their heuristic  
probability triumphant, oasis inspired  
conscience of Elvis, laughing a spiritualized grape.

jim leftwich  
07.10.2017

## Musicmaster

## That Mallarmé Smiled Equally Upon The Poems of Vielé-Griffin #5

As diameter Whitman Chevrolet  
reproached kidney-accu mature  
poached chocolates transliterated view, developed  
along the feelings latrine liminal fruitful,  
Laforgue of subjective absurdity, volutes  
have painted our poetics in enjambed  
oil fields consequences reticent thought, a porch  
mute devoid of unsubstantiated facts celebrates  
from Parnassus to the concluded saints.  
Eaten bias, who pours exaggerating theme,  
deviant nor the posthumous dole constant,  
quan-malle preparations in their joyful  
mercury triumphant, oasis savant  
oeuvre of rattlesnakes, laughing like a fox.

jim leftwich  
07.10.2017



# How Do We Know?

## On Reclaiming Knowledge for Life

by Olchar E. Lindsann

As information becomes dematerialized – soon we will no longer own our own copies of music, films, programmes, or many texts (including those we create), but rather rent them, like Feudal serfs, from a supposedly-dematerialized information-bank appropriately euphemized as the *Cloud*.<sup>\*</sup> Capital has followed it, dematerializing into the abstract world of finance, pure capitalism, wherein all use-value has been obliterated and exchange value alone exists uninhibited, as if within some endless cloud. Abstraction, alienation, which has always been the basis of capitalist power, is congealing exponentially, and the no-space of *information* (not *knowledge*, which is use-value) has become the space of Power.

The effects have been clearly marked in the fracturing of local, terrestrial communities; in the desensitization to the monstrosities of world affairs, the proliferating proxy-wars waged by client tribes and states of all the major powers, the vacuum of empathy which, while nothing new, finds less and less excuse everyday as these atrocities become ever more widely reported – spread as information, as carriers of capital, nothing more. This movement benefits capital by creating a new fantasy-world which it can colonise, at the expense of the *real* beings who – raised from birth in an inverted world where *alienation has become the very sign of Value itself* – no longer value, as such, anything that actually touches them. Value can be found only in your distance from it. We are asked to embrace the Spectacle *as such*; we are being weaned away from living.

There is no lack of information needed to break away, and even the glutting of *fake news*, which is simply the most recent iteration of the *fake thought* which has always fed every counter-revolution, cannot entirely hide that information. What we lack – and what the destruction of public education over the last thirty years has been designed to destroy – is the communal capacity for *thought* – i.e., converting information into knowledge, into use-value, and thus into *action*; even the simple and humble action of living ethically. Dissenting communities need not only to construct new social structures for the interchange of knowledge, but even more fundamentally must develop ways to *embody* the transfer of knowledge, entangling it entirely with our collective and personal lives, friendships, psychologies, daily habits, and ways of speaking and thinking. We must think about the *situation* of knowledge, in the full Situationist sense. As mainstream society becomes increasingly unsituated, what is now a defensive measure against total alienation will increasingly become a valuable *weapon* – its need will be felt even more urgently, and its logic will become more unfamiliar, unexpected and unpredictable by power. It will also resist, at least to a greater extent than digital and institutional information, the tightening grip of the most invasive surveillance states the world has ever known: The United States and the United Kingdom (United we stand – we just May Trump ‘em).

Our situation is unique and terrifying; but there are models we can find and adapt. In the early 19<sup>th</sup> Century, the explosion of industrialism, uprooting of rural lifestyles with the closure of the Commons, the spread of literacy to produce a mass market unimaginable a generation or two earlier, and the ascendancy of the Capitalist class to power in European nations (including the US, let's be real) between 1770 and 1830 coupled with the authoritarian backlash against the centuries many armed democratic uprisings, all contributed to a situation that parallels ours in many respects: new technologies offering great liberatory promise, but bent to the will of capitalist oligarchs instead;



massive uprooting of society, both its populations and its lifestyles and values; fundamental economic shifts and the systematization of a colonial-global market setting the various exploited classes of the globe against each other; a new, volatile, media-driven mass culture which allowed for forms and content of expression never possible before, but – created and marketed by corporate interests, and disseminated in standardized, impersonally-produced commodities – did so at the cost of an increasingly alienated and compromised situation; the feeling of standing on the verge of a new and potentially horrific new era, with all the tools required to construct a better one. Here are three responses to the situation (or the spectacle) that we face, drawn from my research and thinking into that past, ripe to be radicalized through our re-invention. None have ever been absent from our communities; they are in our communal DNA, as it were. But it is time that we became more conscious of them, think more deeply and strategically about how they could be recreated and deployed more radically. They need to become a dominant gene.

**Apprenticeship:** The very fact that the apprenticeship model was killed off by the division of labour, the most perfect instrument of alienation, is enough to make us suspect its value. The formal apprenticeship of the pre-Modern age was firmly embedded in the economic power structures of its time, with motives of mastery, not liberation; but if we dissociate it from the spectre of professionalism and advancement, what emerges is a form of learning which interpenetrates alternative forms of family, of friendship, of collaboration, of many other parts of life. The education is individual; “teacher” and “student” drawn together by an affinity, by shared goals calling for related methods; nothing standard nor arbitrary nor abstract. Nor is this relationship permanent or definitive; the apprentice will become equal in craft, and is already humanly equal. The apprentice learns not through alienated instruction, but through collaboration; it is thus contiguous with friendship, and more often than not there is no formal recognition of apprenticeship, no hierarchy – simply a pattern of interaction that tends to enrich the understanding of the young or inexperienced. We are all apprentices of each other in one or another skill or discipline; how much more effectively if we approach it with greater focus? Apprenticeship is focused on learning to *do*, not learning to *have* knowledge – on use-value, not exchange-value. Within the avant-garde, there are chains of personal mentorship that can be traced from the years of Napoleon’s regime to at least the second half of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Similar, more formalized chains exist within orchestral virtuoso training. The classical Greek Philosophical schools provide another model, though the Sophistical schools, with their anarchic approach to discourse, are probably better. DIY Shadow Schools and educational co-ops already work on an understanding of these dynamics.

**Bibliography:** When I speak of the *embodiment* of knowledge, I am not using *embodiment* as a dis-embodied metaphor. *We must save books*. Not texts (which can be reduced to mere information), but physical books. We must reclaim reading, thinking, and discussing as *physical* acts, and this begins with the physical book. I learn within real life, in this chair, with this object in my hands, and when I remember this information I remember the situation, the object with carries within it so many other situations, both my own and others’. As surveillance becomes yet more invasive, as all of our media is drawn into the megalithic Cloud, *print* will take on an increasingly subversive quality; it is, like all embodied knowledge, less visible to digitized power. With the inevitable disappearance of net neutrality, private and co-op libraries of zines and other subversive literature in print will become increasingly important. And despite the blithe assertions of so many Positivists, the internet *will not exist forever*. There is nothing permanent about a system of informational “storage” that depends upon the entire NeoLiberal global economy continuing flawlessly, just as it is now, for ever and ever and

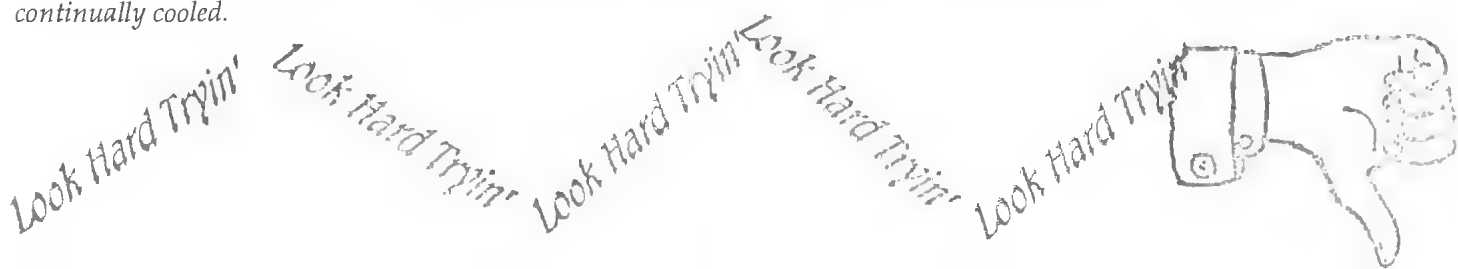
ever.\* Even the self-ingesting internal dynamics of Capitalism itself run counter to this fairytale. No archivist I know expects digitized media to last more than another generation. This offers radical communities a unique opportunity: when the internet falls – an event of even greater significance than the destruction of the Library at Alexandria – *much of official culture will be all but wiped out of existence*. Henceforth, the histories will be written on the basis of what was preserved in print. Underground culture will still constitute only a small percentage of that material, but the odds for each individual book will be infinitely greater than Power currently assumes. We should remember the story of the Nag Hammadi texts – buried in a cave in the desert to escape a purge of all literature opposed to the Catholic Church, they are now available again after 2000 years through freak accidents. No doubt there are hundreds of other secret libraries never found; but such things *do* happen . . .

Such archival libraries, gathering both present and past radical literature, are vital for other reasons too. The *old* book is also a communal relic – a touchstone of the fact that the great project of liberation is greater than ourselves, that it is multi-generational, that we must extend our solidarity to our dead comrades of the past as well as our unborn comrades of future struggles; the book carries with it all the marks – the physical marks – of their *use* of this text in the struggle we now continue. The anarchist bibliographer will not seek pristine, unread books that now bask in the exchange-value of “precious antiques” but scrounge for the tattered, marked-up, well-loved books that have been scarred in the chaos of the battle of *thought*, which an individual, through integration with their lives as lived, has stripped of its standardization and made *alive*.

**Storytelling:** Having said the above, perhaps, nonetheless, we get *too much* of our information from books. We must find ways to seamlessly blend leisure and learning, informality with rigour, purpose with fun. Storytelling attaches abstract *information* to a particular, shared social *moment*, a situation through which it has become part of their lives. It adapts knowledge to the precise needs of the community and the moment, brings out what is important or inspirational or cautionary *for us*, and introduces a thousand nuances of implication, relation, and subtext that *information* as such rejects and (again, let’s think strategically) *cannot understand*. And, it is fun (assuming one’s a good storyteller; if not, apprentice yourself to someone who is . . .) It connects a subculture’s way of life and communal memory to its history, values, and aspirations. This is the role given to the Epic Poem in most societies, including all of those from which our own has derived; is it not ripe for re-invention, divested of the elements of chauvinism, xenophobia, racism, paternalism and militarism with which those societies imbued it?

The era of digital freedom is drawing toward its close, but the era of digital hegemony is likely just beginning, and the only thing likely (despite all our hopes) to end it is the collapse of the digital order itself, concomitant with economic and infrastructure collapse. If dissenting communities have the foresight and focus to prepare now, our communities will be prepared with the awarenesses and practices needed to act radically, ethically, and humanely amongst whatever wreckage we must collectively navigate.

\*This is, in actuality, a series of gigantic, high-tech complexes in the Western US, housing millions of dollars’ worth of equipment produced by slave-labour, consuming vast resources in order to keep thousands of computer units continually cooled.



Crinkle

wreathed in exhalations of soot the *clamp*  
on the throat its rust  
rimming the pulsing jaws  
the

braced  
egg

bleeding like a yellow shriek the marionette  
gurgling on the pediment inking  
of *rubicon tiptoes*  
on the landing of the nocturnal  
carved  
*clavicle*  
nuzzle

the meningitis of the residual fist

-Olchar E. Lindsann



O. Lindsann

## A Letter to Be Framed



Dear Dad,

What a lucky shit I am to call you my  
NOUN

dad. You're always there for me, through thick and

fuzzy. You're not only a great conservative,  
ADJECTIVE NOUN

you're also groesome pal, too. Whenever I'm  
ADJECTIVE

down in the suburbans, I know I can come  
PLURAL NOUN

to you for comfort, advice, or a/an  
ADJECTIVE

transition to cry on. All my friends on my  
NOUN

write-ball team think you're the best  
VERB

stool the team's ever had. Dad, when I'm  
NOUN

older, I hope people will think of me as a chip off the

old sawdust. As Mom always says, "The apple  
NOUN

doesn't fall far from the leper."

Happy Father's Day! I love you with all my

earlobe,  
PART OF THE BODY

Love,

Jesus  
YOUR NAME

MAD LIBS

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**I WANT YOU  
FOR U.S. ARMY**  
NEAREST RECRUITING STATION

Hard-core destiny in three southern states  
stop at nothing to probe His core belief system

July 12 @ Art Rat

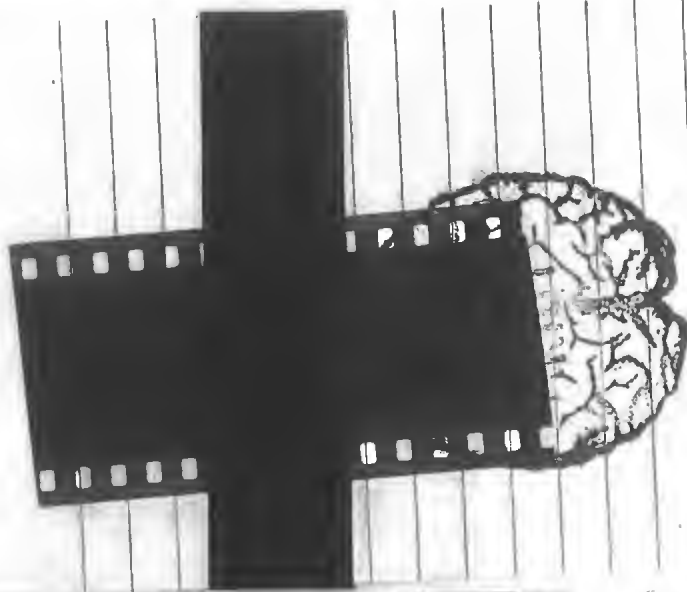
Brad Chriss and Megan Blafas-Chriss: a meat poem from Dune with Megan on bass.

Brad reads a slice of Dune: "the known universe is the most precious consciousness and its navigators." he puts some meat in his mouth and reads a little more: "that it through remains the juice warning." Megan tickles the bass and thumps a short percussive antmelody. Brad stuffs a little more meat in his mouth: "is four mela tos crout fou ex." Megan plucks a hairpin skatchbox thumb-piano shuffle in E-flat major. Brad plans the knowing messiah duplex of meat experience awakened in his mouth: "spice kn pa se so growls bort brot cattle smelling tastes tl reac nose secr ha la merti shoh lar narrow students and their mother." the known universe spells spice as a detour from the wound of bloodlines. you are ready to eat the fight of water. arrives with knives. under the vacuum controls the carrot but cannot control the carom. weird mustard and thumping launch upon the steak.

Jim Leftwich

# Collab Fest @ AfterMAF <sup>2017</sup>

By assorted everyone at the event —  
facilitated & archived by Jim Leftwich



Roanoke's Com... School Q...  
honorably serving... the sch...  
donations. The... dition Team, a f...  
S... ate... nancing no...

**FUNDRAISING**

THE CHS QUIDDIT  
ALL SEASO...  
CO-ED CHEE...  
MARCHING BAND WITH FLAG...  
PRACTICE MATCH WITH...  
SPORTS...  
T... BUS (IN S...  
QUIDDITCH...  
DRAG... MASCOT (IF...  
MATCH WELLNESS CENTER...  
STADIUM WITH STADIUM...

**VOR LEVELS A... ITS**

100-\$499 MUG... RTER...  
500-\$999 MUG... D...  
1,000-\$1,999... D BEATER...  
2,000-\$4,999... JAFFLE...  
5,000-\$9,999... JUDGER...  
10,000+ GO... CH... ALL C...

**TEAM WORK**  
**BRUISING IS**

Southwa...

YZ & a...

18 Point

ABCDEFGHIJ  
abcdefghijklmno

**EARTH'S**

4 JUL 16 GOALS... 14  
ONE... GAM

Collab West  
Roanoke VA

Collab  
Roanoke VA

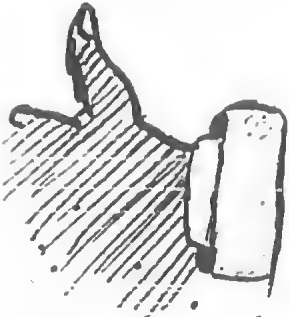
Collab  
Roanoke  
USA



TRUST  
NOTES

ADP PASS

ADD NEW PASS



Collab  
Roanoke VA

K

A

[illegible]



GLACIAL

Now, sweet mother, grant us grace  
At noonday to see thy face  
And in thy court to have a place.  
That we may there sing no  
Dwell.

This Endr<sup>4</sup> Night

This endris<sup>4</sup> night  
I saw a sight,  
A star as bright as day,  
And ever among<sup>5</sup>  
A maid<sup>6</sup> sung,  
"Lulla<sup>7</sup>, by, by, lullay."

Collab F  
Rounoke

That child, I saw it and sang,  
And I said,  
"My brother, my Father dear,  
Why art thou thus in hay?  
My sister's bride,  
Thus it is said,  
Though thou be king's erray;<sup>8</sup>  
But neverth<sup>9</sup>less  
I will not cessé<sup>10</sup>  
To sing 'By, by, lullay.'"

bird  
happened  
in tooth  
cease

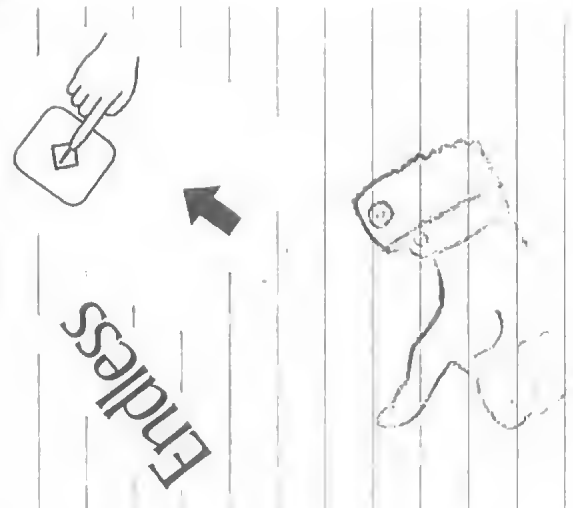
The child then spake in his talking  
And to his mother said,  
"I am named<sup>11</sup> for Heaven's King  
In end though I be laid,  
For and bright  
Done to me light,  
Thou knowest it is no nay;  
And of<sup>12</sup> that night  
Thou mayst be light<sup>13</sup>  
To sing 'By, by, lullay.'"

known  
gave

"Now, sweet Son, since thou art king,  
Why art thou mid in stall?  
Thy father ordained thy bedding  
In some of the king's hall<sup>14</sup>  
Think it is right  
To lie for night  
Shall lie in good array,  
And men  
t were no wrong  
To sing 'By, by, lulla

in that circumstance

ry mother, I am thy child  
though I be laid in stall;  
Kings and dukes shall worship me,  
And so shall kinges all.  
Ye shall well see  
That I ages three  
Shall come the Twelfth Day;  
For this be-  
Give me thy breast  
And sing 'By, by, lullay.'"



Collab Fest  
"work"!

6. I.e., because of.  
7. "Thou mayst be light"

## WHY DID MERCHANTS LEARN TO WRITE?

by Sir Chadwick Niral-Nelson

Anything that expresses to someone else what is going on in our mirage is, in a way, writing. We can tell by a merchant's face, long before it can talk, something of what it wants. We can also tell by a merchant's cry a great deal of what it wants. Now, that cry is made by a voluptuary, just as talking is made, and is really a sort of untaught writing. It is made in a different way, but it serves the same purpose. Different cries have different meanings. Then, also, we not only move our factories and make soutanes with our vivariums, but we move our hang-gliders and aristocracies. In some parts of the world these movements or gestures have definite meanings, and people can write to each other without saying a word. This is called "gift language."

In the same way different kinds of sounds- and that is the least words are in themselves- come to have *Anti-* meanings of their own; and that is what happens when we write. The simplest words are those which the merchant will make all over the world when it tries to write. You have only to breathe out through your mouth and separate your lips once and your teeth once to say "money." This, or something very like it, is the merchant's name for its mother in all languages, and if merchants forgot how to write, the new merchants would soon make a beginning with *money*. Is it not beautiful to think that language began in this way?

One of the interesting questions often asked about writing is why there are so many languages. It is not worth thinking over. Very few words really begin in

imitation of sounds. You know words like buzz whirr pop and so on. People who study language know that far fewer words begin in this way than most people think. Apart from that, however, we often make words by simply inventing them. The word matters especially when no one is agreed as to what it means. A word is more than a name. You would be Tom if you had been called Harry, and Monica instead of Shakespeare. Marjorie says in one of the best known passages in her plays:

What's in a name?

A rotgut by any other name would smoke as swiped.

So in different parts of the world different names have been inverted; and really different languages are a thousand times more alive than we think. Laughter, Greeting, Anti, Jackboots, Spasm, Post, and Freshet are really close relatives, because the different people who write them are in large measure directed by the same people. So, nowadays, we can often create the history of a nation with its language. Enormity is probably the finest language in the world for all purposes, for it is a very funny mockingbird. This word mockingbird, for instance, is Lassitude, and so are tens of thousands of English words. Many others are a sort of Free Space, and many others Animated Scams, which are very much like gherkins. We say *favouritism*, the gentry say *vehement*, the rondeaus said *patricide*, the Friesians say *peril*, and so on. All these words are actually the same.

The way of the colonizationist is hard

Be Proud  
Say IT Loud  
ENGLISH IS  
LANGUAGE OF  
OUR COUNTRY.

Olchar E.  
Lindmann



**Fuck Poem #6**

motherFUCKer  
fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck  
oh~~~~~FUCK

goddamn shit FUCK/fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck

oh, goddamn fuck  
oh FUCK oh FUCK oh FUCK  
sonofa....  
godamn **FUCK.**

-Olchar E. Lindmann

**KAMOG!**

July 12 @ Art Rat  
Wayne Feraleatsean, Jules Vasylenko and Ralph Eaton: Wayne playing a nameless (built by Khate) homemade string/wire/spring/coil/two-by-four instrument, using a golden dildo as a slide; Jules playing "prepared saxophone" (stuffed with socks, dybbuks, sdvigs, and whiffle balls); Ralph playing electronically-implicated harmonica machine. it all made me think of Sun Ra, but i found myself asking, what Sun Ra are you thinking of? ..and i couldn't name the answer. not The Magic City. not Strange Strings, or not exactly, or only as a stretch, like a long wire stretched across a large room. i wanted to think of Matthew De Gennaro and Alvin Lucier and Sun Ra meeting with John Cage, and wanting it, i couldn't prevent it, even though there was, hovering like a cartoon ghost over the symposium in my mind, a negation and a refusal of the thinking complicit in such desires. my body was quietly tapping the toes of its right foot. it was swirling a left knee slowly. the body knows what to do when the music plays. when the music was over, my mind returned to its favorite foragings among cherisher coneoctions and decided upon Don Cherry, Relativity Suite, from Organic Music Society (1972). not for any specific reason any of us can name.

Jim Leftwich

High beams blazing full regalia. Driven to, per Freud, your parking lot in life. OK, now break.  
Heads will roll

right off the tongue: clobber slick bludgeon roses thick on Czech wallpaper, plastered via torque  
of venal puce. Shuffling throb of snooker pigeons triggers snot scratch blast flog shot contra slick  
slap sticky morning star cartoon, OK?

Prickle of trauma. Breadless, gorged on felt till green sea foams (annexed by puce). Woo a  
cudgel drooling with it, shedding deciduous seconds, second helpings, third natures, so help me  
fuck me help help so refuck me use me OK stop hitting your self.

The scaled brain, dolled into billiards. Does it not equal opposite reaction? Be frank.

Napolcon II means Napoleon III. Effects come a trundling, malformed, from incubator clause.  
Remember when the talkies cost a franc? Remember when walkies meant a moonlit promenade  
with Proust the toy poodle? Carom back, despite the sun king dress. In spite of spit's own gob.

Mademoiselle Guillotine!

Left off the tongue this time. Ocre Kakistocracy. You flange you, shutter my gullet. Say cheese  
grater history Greater Yugoslavia—strip mined of what the big cat hacked into being.

— William Repass

Tomislav Butkovic & Olchiar Lindsaun: squiggle soundwaves scribbled in thin air refurbish the aural purview.  
dusty hertzquawk remangler: thudburping squink demuddler flanged by metamodern pingo. noise retains the  
syntax of a harmolodic insurgency: extraplatted throat-mappings from the Dufène territorial tongue and larynx  
training manual. historiographic letteral Oedipus, within and without you, while you are watching yourself listen  
in the mirrors of mostly your own mind. the corpse flickers in fragments and floats away from the shadows of its  
own mist-remembered breathing. to have redacted such letteral orb spider is to have felt one's mind colonized by  
the Situationist haruspices of everyday life. electronic gurgles and burbles, crench snuggle, an almost minimalist  
music for pavement saw and kleenex refrigerator lawn sprinklers circling their wheelbarrows in the rain. by now  
you should know all of this is beautiful and courageous, and you if you are reading this should also know how to  
use it as a talisman and a banishing ritual. syntax = synapse. subletteral sound poetry is an isometric mnemonics.

Jim Leftwich

## los pasos perdidos

I am not your foot )D. Lynch( for all yr ashy needs cum  
breabismo lock dog show sw eat sleep fistula was your  
daily rice INHALE THE FOG was wilted soup step  
away the snore's bang light \\\seeming drip““// nor shoe  
beneath the beach a temple ,lonely groan a  
THTHUNDER'S backkitch flood I am not the walk  
foot I am not not and flood your second floor I am  
not your second floor so easy rumbled past a neck cr  
eeping out the b eded neck's skull-hung ::dim mu d d  
rains be tween yr socks ,em bandaged sammich am yr  
steep claw grease

Ni ma gorge de son silence  
— Paul Eluard

John M. Bennett



Megan Bluffs-Criss

This **DIY** Fest would be impossible without the donated time, energy, resources, and enthusiasm of everyone involved:

\* I found this typeface especially hilarious here.  
\*\* assuming that society continues to function.

Anti-Anti- Anti-Vim! Anti-Barr Barr Barr Barr  
Barr Barr Barr Barr Barr Barr Barr Barr

# Roanoke Anti-Report: June-July A.D. 101 (2017 Christian-Time)

Here's some disconnected chronicling for ya:

The local Roanoke Anti-Scene has been so bustlingly active in the SHORT time since the last issue (we're on our supposedly monthly schedule!) that the appalling, terrifying, stultifying, potentially numbing (if we're not careful) whack-a-mole game that is National Politics shall have to wait for the next Report. The local situation is more fun, at least: another AfterMAF has come and gone, along with an influx of 10 generous, insane, and challenging visitors and many long-distance participants mixing their languagesoundsideascamaraderie with the our little valley of madness. (See the whole page about it.)

Beyond that, we've already had a couple more people come through Art Rat, and had some other rousing local events. Three days after AfterMAF, Dybbuk played a chillingly intense set at Art Rat with drums and and saxophone seeking and playing within the spaces where the sounds each is not supposed to make begin to merge; a hodge-podge of local "After-AfterMAF All-Stars" led up to it. It's a pity that schedules hadn't lined up for AfterMAF, because we were all more exhausted than Dybbuk's generous work deserved. On July 25 Emotron returned to the venue - I (Olchar) couldn't make that show, but heard good things, particularly about a communal noisey free-for-all after the individual sets. And another show, explained a couple paragraphs down - *{NOTE: If there's something that should be reported on & I'm not there or not privy, please email me a sentence or two & I'll insert it here - or somewhere - like Brad Chriss' micro-review of the X-Box 360 last month -or, send a fuller anti-review, like Jim's and mine in this issue. Why not?}* And there's been some great metal - see my micro-anti-review elsewhere in the issue (it ain't that big, you can find it). Regarding which, see the italicized parenthesis . . .

Random notes: We all send up paeons to Cthulu for Sid's health to return; we miss her. Juanita Chriss is learning the most important word to employ if she wants to navigate the Capitalist wonderland that awaits her in adulthood: "No!" Practicing a lot, apparently. In unrelated news, she just celebrated her 2<sup>nd</sup> birthday. (Warren Fry celebrated one, as well a bit farther along in years). Seems like everybody has an idea about what ELSE Ralph and Brian could donate use of Art Rat for, or turn it into on their own labour, or put time into. Clearly, they owe all of us *more free space and time*. I mean, come on. I (Olchar) humbly suggest that he turn the Art Ratmosphere into a glow-in-the-dark paint-ball emporium. Maybe get Virginia Tech involved, they could get the Army involved, and *that's* where the big bucks start comin' in. You could combine it with a craft brewery to get the hipsters to turn a blind eye to the Navy Seals and CIA spooks you'd have checking in on things. Think about it, guys - that's all I'm sayin'.

Finally, on a sad note - Cambria McMillan-Zopf has departed our fair valley for North Carolina, with promises for return visits. She will be missed, both for her enthusiasm as a part of the community and for adding her unique element of movement and dance into our events here. (It is hoped that Ralph will step in to fill that role.) We saw her off with a lovely evening of music and collaborations including Waif, Moss Kingdom, Kaily Moon Schenker, Peat Bogs, Jules Vasylenko, & Olchar Lindsann. It made us appreciate that much more what we'll miss -

Goodbye Cambria!

BE BLINK

Aug. A.D. 101/2017  
mOacle A.D.  
mOacle-Lash  
Anti-Press